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The Art Gallery

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB.



HERE used to be a jovial coterie of young artists—newspaper illustrators principally, if we are not mistaken—who met once a week, and sometimes oftener, for sketching, at the studio of Hartley, who had not then become the successful sculptor he is now. Very informal, indeed, were these gatherings; much less work than play was the rule; yet many good

sketches were dashed off, and sometimes a particular interest in some of these was created by bringing in from the street a picturesque beggar or two for models. After a while some of the cleverest of the members dropped out, some going to Europe and others finding their time taken up by more serious work. So the club suspended. In 1877, however, a few of the old party chancing to come together and talk over old times, it was resolved to reorganize on a sounder basis. They adopted the name of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, and what they have done, individually and collectively, to bring credit on that name is pretty generally known. At the first annual exhibition, held in February, 1879, as many as two hundred and fifty sketches were shown. At the second exhibition of the club, in January, 1880, at the American Art Gallery, there was a marked improvement in the work of the members. The Salmagundians' highly creditable exhibition last winter is still fresh in the memories of many of our readers. It was made especially notable by the excellence of some of the etchings contributed by members of the club. Among these was the charming plate, executed as a premium for THE ART AMATEUR, by Mr. Volkmar. The artist considers it, with reason we think, his best etched work, and has sent it to London to be hung at the Black and White Exhibition. Mr. Volkmar's unusual facility with the needle has stimulated other members of the club to give attention to etching, and the result is decidedly gratifying. Some of them, considering their short practice, are doing remarkably well. An album, composed entirely of original etchings by Salmagundians, is to be published in the Fall, and will be a feature of the next exhibition.

The illustrations for the present article, so cleverly arranged by Mr. F. M. Gregory, are reduced fac-similes of drawings by members of the club. They were shown at the recent annual reception at Sarony's, which, at least from a social standpoint, must be regarded as the Salmagundians' most successful affair of the kind. Nearly all the prominent painters and sculptors in town were present, besides the critics and many prominent amateurs in art and music. Mr. Gregory's original wall programme of the entertainment—an immense sheet, several feet long—which he has reproduced for us in miniature, caused much merriment, particularly the part of it showing the duet of cornet-players and the "piano-pounder." Music, singing, and recitations, by Salmagundians and others, made the time pass very agreeably. We confess to a decided partiality for this

jolly little club, for the members are more than good fellows—they are, for the most part, hard-working, capable artists, who one of these days will give creditable accounts of themselves. There are two or three—we will not be invidious and name them—who will certainly take high rank in the art of the country. Not a few Salmagundians, indeed, are already known to fame.

"GRETA'S" BOSTON LETTER.

THREE EXHIBITIONS—PAINTINGS BY J. A. BROWN, S. S. TUCKERMAN, AND W. E. NORTON—MILLET.

BOSTON, May 9, 1881.

THREE exhibitions of leading Boston artists are in progress at as many art stores here at the present mo-

and Daubigny for foliage and undergrowth by river-banks. But his skies are an equally striking and remarkable characteristic of his landscapes. Nobody has painted skies of more brilliant force and truth, depth, clearness, and beauty since the old Dutchmen: such space and distance, such palpitating æther, such lovely blue, such brightness, variety, and movement of clouds.

A few years ago he gave the public only sketches, flagrant bits of impressionist rhapsody; but such was their suggestive force that they were sought with enthusiasm by the connoisseurs. That is not a large buying class, however, and young Brown has been induced, evidently by prudential considerations, to put more finish into his canvases.

Happily his buoyant inspiration has survived this, and he works as gayly in the trammels imposed by trade as ever. For Appleton Brown, you must understand, is the apostle "par excellence" of the one truth that this is a world of beauty—of gayety, charm, and joy. It is always an exhilarating, an intoxicating delight in nature that his pictures breathe. If it is not the richness and full burst of midsummer, it is the promise and potency of budding spring-time, or an Anacreontic gayety of autumn decking its decay in bright colors and reveling in the "wine of the year." Nothing more serious than a voluptuous twilight, really richer in sensuous delight than broad day, or a dreamy fall afternoon whose sadness is only sentimental, ever comes from his brush. Sometimes he has painted the bracing breeziness of an October morning, with the sky glittering full of small clouds chased by the boisterous winds, and often "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn"; but oftener the soft delights of quiet nooks of the woods, by still pools reflecting the overhanging foliage, the calmness and hush of high noontide on rich meadows strewn with winrows of fresh-cut hay, the simple beauty of homely Yankee hillsides and meadows, the blossoming whitish-pink apple-tree, the pendulous grace of the American elm, the rows of willows, the clumps of birches, and bushes of commonest New England growth, engage his delicately sympathetic touch. He is the Thomson of New England's seasons. His technique is now mature, polished, elegant, and aptly and worthily expresses his refined taste and instincts. As he eschews all that is theatrical and conventional in the choice of subjects, so he avoids any display of painting merely as painting—that is, mere imitation of textures and elaborate drawing—and practises the art of concealing art in its highest sense. It is the artistic effect, not the literal imitation, that he strives for, and thus it comes to pass that his interpretation of New England rural beauty is truer than realistic—realistic as his art seems, compared with the rococo "decoration" landscape compositions of your Harts and Cropseys. Brown's native

place and summer home is Newburyport, and the sweetly, gently romantic shores and meadows of the Merrimac and its lovely tributary streamlets are his field of work, and the source of his unequalled and indeed incomparable (for us, whose people beached their English keels at the mouth of the Merrimac two hundred and fifty years ago) transcripts of New England pastoral scenery in its less pinched and rugged and more genial and handsomer English-like phases, such as are found along the placid Merrimac as it glides

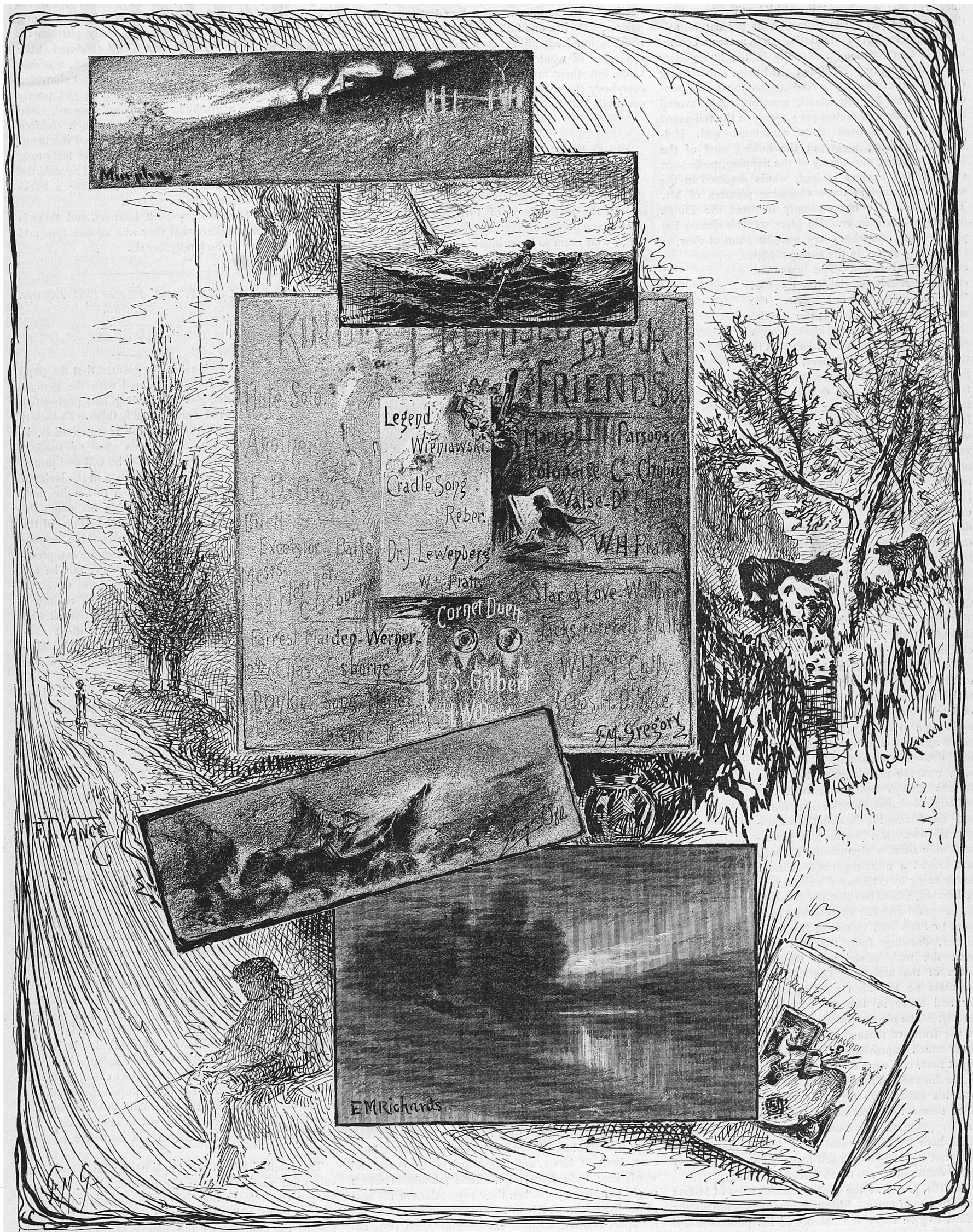
"By twenty thorps, a little town;
And half a hundred bridges."

Mr. S. S. Tuckerman, on the other hand, is a Yankee artist who devotes himself to the English Chan-



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY F. M. GREGORY.

ment, and excellent artists they are too, although little known in New York, strange to say. They are Messrs. J. Appleton Brown, S. Saulsbury Tuckerman, and W. E. Norton. Mr. Appleton Brown is a brilliant young landscapist, of the modern French school, yet with a style decidedly his own. At one period of his development he painted more like Corot than at present, affecting the French gray in color and the ragged impressionism in drawing of the least finished of the old Frenchman's latest pictures. This he outgrew when removed from the atmosphere of France. Now he paints the greenest of green pictures, the truest, clearest, most untortured of the greens of nature, such greens as Courbet revelled in for upland turf,



SALMAGUNDI CLUB SKETCHES.

DRAWN FOR THE ART AMATEUR AFTER THE ORIGINALS BY MESSRS. GREGORY, VOLKMAR, RICHARDS, MURPHY, BRUNDAGE, VANCE, AND EDWARDS.

nel, its fishing-boats, its sands and storms, and its fishing towns on both sides, but especially on the Dutch side. He was once a pupil of Hunt, and the influence of that apostle of "breadth" is still prominent in the pupil's style. His collection at present on sale here numbers thirty-odd paintings, and makes a charming effect of harmony and unity in the little gallery where it is hung. Plenty of the heavy, low-hanging clouds that continually sweep across the Low Countries and the English island, watering those favored lands as with a watering-pot; plenty of the red-sailed and big, blunt-nosed hulls associated with Hollandish marines; plenty of the boiling surf of the Dutch painters, and plenty of the flapping, puffed-out sails of the luggers in high winds depicted in the same, are found in these charming pictures of Mr. Tuckerman. He has evidently followed the Dutch fishermen like a lover. He gives us their clumsy but picturesque craft from every possible point of view, in calm and in storm, in the surf and high and dry on the sand. The 'longshore church (precisely like the New England "meeting-house" of our fathers), the windmills, the lighthouses, the canals, the market-boats, and the idyllic groups of cottages, half buried to the eaves in turf or sand, along the shore, with the fishwives or the men at work at the fish-racks near by, are depicted in a manner as interesting for its detail of facts as pleasing from an artistic point of view. The color is distinguished, and very rich in harmony and low in tone, and the drawing is not only cleanly finished and accurate, but spirited and free in manner. In short, Mr. Tuckerman is an artist of refinement and depth, and, applying himself to this out-of-the-way field of amphibious life, has made it as completely his own as Mr. Winslow Homer has mastered the human types and the fishing craft of the New England coast. Many of Mr. Tuckerman's rich canvases have been ticketed "sold" in the first days of the exhibition.

Mr. William E. Norton has been one of the best of the marine painters of which this commercial city could boast of late years. When he wanted to go to Europe to study, some four or five years ago, his clearing-out sale netted him double what anybody expected, such was the popularity of his work. It was always neatly executed, and although deficient in color had not a little fine feeling for the delicate harmonies of tone. Mr. Norton had graduated only from a sign-painter's shop, and craved a more regular education. Accordingly he established himself first in London, where he exhibited and sold his canvases with fair success, and then went to Paris and to school like a beginner, drawing from the cast and from the nude model with the students of the ateliers. The last two summers he has been painting country and shore in Brittany and Normandy. The pictures now on exhibition here are some of the fruits of these studies. I cannot say that I discover much improvement in his work. What is good is not new, and what is new is not good. His drawing of the lines of a ship was good before he went, and so was his shading to express the modelling; his new color seems too prononcé, too ultramarine, even for marine painting. However, there is not sufficient material here for a judgment—only just enough to suggest that a good-enough self-made painter is possibly being confused by too much foreign teaching.

On the prices at the recent auction sales of Millets in Paris one of our wealthiest art amateurs could almost afford to give away the balance of his possessions, if he could bear to part even at those rates with his pictures by the great peasant artist of Barbizon. Mr. Quincy A. Shaw has at his residence here some twenty-odd paintings (some of them of the largest size, and all "important") by J. F. Millet, and twice as many pastels and drawings. Here must be about a third of a

million dollars' worth of Millets at ruling Paris rates. Mr. Shaw knew Millet, and appreciated him in his lifetime, and he is now reaping the reward of his generous dealings with the then neglected and at times starving painter. He has one fifth of all the oil-paintings (only about a hundred) Millet ever painted, and he knows the value of what he has got—not only their money-value, but their art-worth—and knew before almost everybody else except W. M. Hunt, who virtually "discovered" Millet.

GRETA.

PERCY AND LEON MORAN.

In January, 1880, we gave some illustrations of the work of Edward Moran, the well-known marine painter. In the present issue of *THE ART AMATEUR* we present a number of sketches by his sons, Percy and Leon, who seem to have inherited no small degree of



LEON MORAN. DRAWN BY PERCY.

the artistic faculty which has honorably distinguished so many of the Moran family. While yet children, Percy, who is now nineteen, and Leon, who is only sixteen, took to drawing as naturally as young birds to flight, and soon became notable for their rapid and sure handling of the pencil, for their eager interest in boats and all Staten Island marine incidents, and for the fidelity with which their rough sketches suggested ideas of motion and life. They were steadily schooled, however, both at home, and afterward, near Paris, and wisely kept away from all æsthetic stimulants which might prematurely quicken their perceptions at the cost of needed culture. About two years ago a studio was set apart at home for their exclusive use, and then began a sensible and rigid training, their father imperatively requiring each day at least one deliberate "study." An hour spent in reviewing the results of this period demonstrates the clear-sightedness of Mr. Moran, and the vigorous industry of the boys, whose thick sketch-books are filled with remarkable pen-and-

ink studies from Fortuny, Detaille, Meissonier, and other great artists. They have had, also, some thorough anatomical study. Their contributions to the recent Water Color Exhibition attracted interest among amateurs and critics, and found ready purchasers. Leon's picture of "The Market Girl," exhibited at the Academy this spring and illustrated herewith, was sold for three hundred and fifty dollars. Another charming picture in oil, by Leon, represents a little girl, poorly clad, sitting on a grassy knoll, looking seaward. She is tending her rambling goats; but even such children may dream dreams, by day, sometimes, and she is unconscious of the kid that is browsing at the leafy twig in her hand. An umbrella is boldly spread against the white cirrus sky, thus ingeniously affording a background for modelling the sweet face.

Both boys have been patient learners, and there is ample reason to believe that they will in due time add their full share to the family laurels.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN OIL COLORS.

FIRST LESSON.

It is taken for granted that the pupil is so far acquainted with the general principles of drawing and perspective as to be able to apply them with facility and certainty to the representation, in outline, of a given view or subject. This being the case, he will find principles and rules laid down in the series of three articles of which this is the first, which will place within his reach the power of securing to himself one of the most delightful and agreeable accomplishments. These rules are compressed within moderate limits; but he will find them sufficient to insure no mean proficiency in the practice of the art, if he will apply himself to the pursuit with thoughtful diligence and patient assiduity. They are abridged from W. Williams' handbook, published by Windsor & Newton.

The implements and materials absolutely necessary for oil painting are neither numerous nor expensive. Oil and varnish, a few colors and brushes, a palette, a palette-knife, an easel, a rest-stick, canvas, and a little chalk, will suffice to enable the beginner to make his essay. The most convenient and advantageous mode of proceeding will be to obtain from any respectable dealer one of the usual tin oil-painting boxes, fitted completely with the necessary articles. It will contain, besides colors, a set of brushes—comprising hog-hair, sable, and badger brushes; a palette, a knife, port-crayon, chalk, oil, and varnish. Besides these, there must be procured an easel, a mahl-stick, a glass slab and muller, and canvas.

Palettes are made of mahogany, and of satin and other light-colored woods: they are also made of papier maché,

prepared with white enamel surface—very useful when pale and delicate tints have to be mixed. It is important to keep the palette free from indentations and scratches, and on no account to neglect cleaning it, the color never being allowed to harden upon the wood.

The dipper is a small tin cup, made so that it can be attached to the palette: it serves to contain oil, varnish, or other vehicle used, as will hereafter be explained.

The palette-knife is the implement with which the colors are manipulated on the palette. It is used to temper the colors; that is to say, to mix tints and arrange them. It should be thin and flexible, tapering toward the end, having the handle heavier than the blade.

A square slab of ground glass, in a wooden frame, is indispensable, as the colors and tints ought to be tempered and mixed on it before they are transferred to the palette. A glass muller should accompany the slab; it is used to rub up any fine color, which for economy